

Campbell, Wilfred
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LYRICS

OF IRON AND MIST

WILFRED CAMPBELL

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Burke Boyd

Wishy

OUR DEAD

Our dead, they are ours and the Empire's
Till the last red sun doth set;—
And may God, in His terrible justice, deal with us,
If we forget.

Till that which we sent them to die for,
Till that dread struggle be won;
Though the traitor and idiot cry out for peace,
There can be none.

We are either on God's side or evil's,
We are either perjured or true;—
And that, which we set out to do in the first place,
That must we do.

If we lie now unto our highest,
Prove traitorous unto our best,
And soften the hand, which set out to conquer
At God's behest;

If we fail in our vows in the slightest,
Our pride to dishonour is thrall;—
For we stand to win all in this conflict,—
Or else lose all.

There are many side-roads to oblivion,
But only one straight to the dawn;—
And thrusting aside all paltering, faltering thought,
We must push on.

Not fearing, nor doubting, nor halting,
But iron-souled, centred as one
On the one grim work in this war-gripped world,
Which must be done.

For our dead are ours and the Empire's,
Till the last red sun doth set;—
And may God, in His terrible justice, deal with us,
If we forget.

THE PASSING OF THE "GOOD HOPE"

Not unto useless death, did Craddock bold, go down—
Craddock and his brave nine hundred men—
They died as died the heroes of Nile and Camperdown,
As Britain's tars will go to death again.

Not always in the victory, rings the greatness of earth's
men;

To some the iron guerdon of defeat
Like this man, who gave battle to the foemen, one to ten,
Closing with his small heroic fleet.

Not without meed of praise from men, or voice of bard,
Will they slumber where Pacific's combers roll,
Who all unflinching met the wrecking shell and shard—
Reaching out unto the deathless goal.

To others be it fated to win in death's grim hour,
As Nelson, Wolfe, achieved immortal fame;
But Craddock, dauntless Captain, showed Britain's olden
power
'Gainst mighty odds, to pass in martial flame.

To sink to hero death, as sank her great of old,
Strong sons of Neptune, war-dogs of the deep,
When singeth mournful Triton on his dawn-lit conch of
gold,
O'er greenning billows where her brave ones sleep.

UNDER THE WILD WITCHERY OF THE WINTER WOODS

Under the pallid woodland light,
I met a spirit rare ;
Her eyes were of the wilding night,
And cloudy dreams her hair.
She knew all woes, and all sad loves
Of earth's divine despair.

'Twas in the silvern, phosphor glow,
Beneath the wintry moon,
'Twixt haunted shade and fleecy snow,
And skeleton boughs atune ;
Where Winter's crone, in eerie tone,
Her wizened dreams did croon.

She led me to her elfin dell,
Of ancientness and dream ;
Where only music's silence fell
On floors of white moonbeam ;
And awful gods from their awful thrones,
Looked down on the years that teem-

And here she whispered wild, wild lore
Unto my wild, wild heart ;
Until this world to its false core,
Became as a dream apart ;—
With only the past and its hauntings vast,
And beauty and wondrous art.

And gave she, to me, of that magical cup,
That heavenly hippocrene.
Whereof none save the gods might sup,
And walk with the unseen ;
And know earth's mighty mystery
Heaven and hell between.

And showed me palaces and thrones,
And heights of lofty goals ;
Until earth's mighty ancient ones,
Drew round in flaming shoals,
And lighted a yearning in my heart,
Like mystic burning coals.

And nevermore that elfin fire
Can die out in my heart,
As through this world and its sad hire,
I walk, a soul apart;
Where love nor hate, nor joy nor woe
Can touch me with their smart.

For I am haunted by one dream,
One melody of dread;
I seek it by the moonlight beam,
And in the morning's red;
And that spirit, wild, she walks with me
And all earth's haunting dead.

And I dream the dreams she dreams to me
From out her eyes of fire;
And the beautiful thoughts she flings to me
From off her wild, wild lyre;
'Till dim and dead as the perished past,
Are this world, and this world's desire.

